The Pocahontas Times.

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The Pocahontas Times.

THE Times is under obligations to Mr Arthur Lawson, of Cumberland, England, for a copy of the Carlisle Journal coetaining an address by his father, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at the annual meeting of the North Cumberland Liberal Association.

We should perhaps mention that the Liberal party in England is fully as much under the weather as the Democratic party of this country.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson made a vigorous attack upon the policy of the government relating to foreign affairs, and that spirit which we condemn by the name Jingoism. At least "Jingo" is a term of reproach. Jingoes are for carrying war in the four parts of the globe; "pegging out claims," "spreading civilization," "developing markets" "rectifying frontiers," and under what name they chose to term it he denounced it all as wholesale national robbery. He called attention to some lines by Andrew Lang, which seem to picture the brutality of the spirit and rob it of any glamour which it might have possessed:

"A health to Jingo first, and then
A health to powder, shell, and shot;
The man who hates not other men
I deem no perfect patriot.

"Wherever guns and gin are sold
We've scooped the artless nigger in
He gives us ivory and gold,
We give him measles, tracts and gin
Drinks all round
To the great name of Jingo, king and crowned,
And every filibuster, round and round."

The speaker has a world wide reputation as a foe to the drink evil. He said, as to the spreading of Christianity: "The same ships that carried out missionaries on the deck, carried in the hold thousands of cases of gin to destroy the bodies and souls of those people that the missionaries went out to do good to."

He was followed by Mr Allison. M. P., whose remarks as to the dark days of the Liberal party one feels as very particularly applicable to our own Democratic party, and that there is great vitality in the party; and that "so long as they adhered to their principles, and so long as they believed in them, they might depend upon it the Liberal party had just as bright a future before it as it ever had in the past."

He also deplored the war feeling. He seemed to class the American poet Lowell as a sort of a Jingo, and no Southerner will object to this as Lowell was particularly hateful in some of his rhymes. The verse quoted by the speaker is

"Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wot abstract war is horrid,
I sign to that with all my heart,
But civlyzation does git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart."

Mr Allison says "The less civilization arranged in that way the better."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Smith, of Stony Creek.

This paper is designed to perpetuate the memory of two very deserving persons, who were among the first to open up a home on Stony Creek near its source, now known as the West Union neighborhood. Mr John Smith was a native of Ireland and was of Scotch - Irish ancestry. A large per centage of the Pocahontas citizenship is of this stock, and it should be the aim of our younger people to inform themselves about this people so as to learn what may be expected of them in order to be truly worthy sons and daughters of one of the best of living races. A race of people who, according to Macauley, Bancroft, Thomas Carlisle, and others, has done more for human liberty and advancement than any other people now in the world.

John Smith came to this region in the seventies of the previous century, from Pennsylvania, and upon becoming acquainted with the family of Levi Moore, the pioneer at Frost, he made love to Sally Moore, one of the daughters. Upon their marriage the two young people took a fancy to the large spring that gushes so copiously and beautifully from the rocky cliffs near the source of Stony Creek and settled close by it and built up their home, one of the best of its kind in their day. The place is now occupied by the family of the late Captain William Cochran. Some particulars in regard to their sons and daughters have been already given in other biographic papers that need not be repeated here in full. In addition therefore to what has been written the following fragmentary items of their history are recorded.

John Smith, junior, married Fannie Cochran, daughter of the late John Cochran, near Marvin, and settled on the place now in possession of John Young, a great-grandson of John Smith the pioneer settler, near Edray. He afterwards moved to Roane County and lived at the three forks of Reedy. He was a Union sympathizer, was arrested by the Confederate military as such, but when it was ascertained that he was not a dangerous person he was paroled on his honor, but died on his return home.

Andrew Smith's wife was Nancy Cackley, daughter of Levi Cackley on Stamping Creek. After settling and living for a time at the old Stony Creek homestead, he moved to the State of Missouri.

Elizabeth Smith became Mrs Jacob Drennan. After living some years in Braxton County, Mr and Mrs Drennan moved to Nicholas County and located on Peter's Creek, fourteen miles west of Summersville, where members of their family yet reside. Charles Drennan is their son.

Ann Smith was married to Captain William Young and lived many years on the place near Hamlin Chapel now in possession of George C. Moore. She was a person of great industry, fine mental endowments, and a model housekeeper, and intelligently, sincerely pious. The writer gratefully remembers her and members of her family as cherished friends. Late in life she went West, and died but a few years since at a very advanced age in the State of Iowa. The first wife of Captain James M. McNeill was one of her sons. The late Colonel Samuel Young was her eldest son. Adam Young was another son. The only survivors of her family now in Pocahontas are her grandsons, John Young and Adam Young and their children.

Rebecca Smith was married to John Auldridge, and lived on Laurel creek a few miles from the old homestead farther west. These worthy people reared a very interesting and exemplary family, of whom special mention was made in the Auldridge memoirs that were recently published in this journal.

Mrs Rebecca Auldridge lives with her daughter Mrs Nancy Newcomer in the town of Ronceverte. She is not far from ninety years of age, and is hale and hearty. Her home is but a step or two from the Chesapeake and Ohio railway on one side and the other side is at the edge of the St. Lawrence boom whence the logs are floated to the mills by the million. How different the surroundings of her youth and early life from those of her old age. A more marked contrast can scarcely be imagined.

There is scarcely an hour, day or night free from the thundering and screaming of the trains fast or slow, and Mrs Auldridge seems to regard them no more than she once regarded the rustle of the falling leaves around the old Laurel Run homestead, sixty miles away from the iron road.

Hannah Smith became the wife of Richard Auldridge, a brother of John Auldridge just mentioned. After living some years at the Smith homestead, they went to Braxton county and were happily situated at the opening of the late sad war between the States, on Wolf Creek. Their family was composed of two sons and a daughter. Mr Auldridge sympathized with the Southern Confederacy and was killed. Both sons were in the Southern army. John Auldridge fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Allen Auldridge survived the war with an honorable record as a brave and faithful soldier. He sought a home in the State of Kansas, taking his mother and sister Almira with. Mrs Auldridge sleeps in her Kansas grave, while at last accounts her son and daughter are keeping house and doing well, as good dutiful children deserve.

Sally Smith was married to Robert Rodgers, and for some years lived in Buckeye Cove, near Swago. Afterwards they settled in Nicholas county. West Virginia, where Mr Rogers still lives far advanced in years.

Martha Smith became Mrs Samuel Young. Mr Young was a brother of Captain William Young. They lived a few years on a section of the old homestead, and finally moved to Logan County, Ohio, where their descendants mostly have their present homes, and enjoy the fruits of honest labor and judicious management.

Thus we have been able to lay before our readers some information in regard to these worthy persons and their two sons and six daughters. In their day their home was a place where the young people had good times, as good times went in the pioneer era. At log-rollings, wool-picking, quiltings, and flax-pullings the youngsters met, fell in love, and did much of their courting. Sundays it would be preaching or all day prayer-meetings, when it was not deemed right and proper to think and talk about anything but Heaven and heavenly things. The grandest social events would be the weddings that occurred just as fast as the young people thought themselves old enough to get married and go to themselves. Thursday was the usual day for the marriage. The first three days were spent in preparation, and the last three in the wedding. infare, and return home. These nuptial occasions were usually seasons of such exquisite enjoyment that all the young people, seemingly, came to like weddings so well that nothing would do but they must have one of their own soon as convenient, and so it came to be a proverb that one wedding soon makes another.

Mrs Smith survived her husband a good many years, but did her part well, saw her children married and settled in life. When the time came folded her busy hands in rest and quietly went to sleep. It is a comforting reflection that here and there on the hillsides of our beautiful land are planted immortal sleepers, like the bodies of these worthy people, that will some day appear in all that is radient and lovely. It is touching to reflect how widely apart are the graves of their children. Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and West Virginia have graves where members of this family are waiting for the coming of the Redeemer they learned to know and love in the old parental home on Stony Creek.

"Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious 'hiding place'
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep."

W. T. P.

PUBLIC SERVANTS.

It is a well known fact that in America there is so little honor attached to the holding of local offices that the best men do not always offer themselves for the place unless it is one which has an adequate pecuniary reward. We have often heard men justify themselves by counting the cost necessary to filling the office, and by showing that they would make nothing out of it, they actually justified themselves in refusing to stand for the place. This has hampered the people wonderfully in choosing their local rulers. Every citizen should be willing to accept any position offered him, and the people at large should not misconstrue his motives in accepting the office. The Youth's Companion has a good editorial on the subject, under the head of "Good English Example:"

The Duke of Devonshire has been a busy man ever since he entered English public life, and he has great landed estates which require constant attention. When he was recently asked to stand for Mayor of Eastbourne, there was no lack of excellent excuses for declining the nomination. He was Lord President of the Council in the ministry of the day and the leader of the Liberal Unionists who had seceded from Mr Gladstone's home rule party; and in addition to his political duties he was overwhelmed with private business and with social engagements.

Instead of refusing the nomination he accepted it, altho Eastbourne was not a great English town like Birmingham, where Mr. Chamberlain worked out as mayor new principles of municipal policy; nor like Sheffield, where another titled landowner and mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, received and entertained the queen during the jubilee year. No reputation was to be made in that seaside resort, as there was in London when Lord Rosebery accepted the chairmanship of the county council and plunged into municipal politics. The mayorality was merely another tax upon the time and patience of a busy man.

The Duke of Devonshire regarded it as a public duty to take the office when the corporation urged him to become mayor. He was willing to sacrifice his leisure and convenience in order to fulfil a public obligation.

Americans of wealth and social position are sometimes reproached for imitating English dress and manners and becoming dudes. If they would copy the English nobility in willingness to devote their time and energy to local government, they would follow an example that is worthy of high commendation.

There are black sheep among the lords, but the titled class of England is a working body noted for intelligence, industry and public spirit. The dukes and lords take their full share in the drudgery of local government. As mayors of cities and members of town and county councils they give up many hours in the week to public work, and their service is always without financial reward.

They set an example which rich merchants and active business men are ashamed to disregard. Engrossed as they may be with their private business, they find time for attending council and committee meetings and for promoting the ends of good government.

This is the secret of the efficiency and success of local government in England and Scotland. The men of education, wealth and influence, instead of leaving politicians to govern their towns and counties badly, look after this public business themselves. They regard it as a public duty, and discharge it at a serious inconvenience and from high motives. In America this duty is shirked and local government is not what it ought to be.

PROSPERITY IN POCAHONTAS.

"Several boom towns are being mapped out on the 300,000 acres of land recently purchased by a syndicate in the central part of the State."—Charleston Gazette.

The 300,000 acres lies principally within the bounds of this county, is our understanding, tho the news papers have generally referred to it vaguely as being situated in the central part of the State. Whether the boom towns have been mapped out or not, just as certainly as the railroad is built the towns will follow as a matter of course. Any one unacquainted with the county has no realization of the vast wealth that is here. It is not that which is generally comprised under the term of natural resources which will bring lasting prosperity to this county, or people it with its most enduring and substantial class. The fertility of the soil will afford work for ten times as many stock raisers and farmers as are now engaged in the business in Pocahontas. There are vast stretches of country that are comparatively level which would produce abundantly, but the wonder of wonders are the rich mountains covered with black soil, in western Pocahontas. Denude these mountains of their timber, and a bluegrass sod forms which equals for grazing purposes any bluegrass raised in America. In the past the primitive method of belting and deadening the timber has let the sun in and it did the rest. After the sod is formed in this natural, spontaneous manner, it is no unusual thing to fence up a field and without any previous cultivation whatever raise a crop of hay, cutting a bluegrass hay that is even fattening in its feeding qualities, and which can be cut year after year, improving all the time in the quantity it produces.

When the timber of our mountains has been harvested, yielding great gains to those who put it on the market, the lumberman will give way to the stockman and farmer, and instead of great wastes of brush growing up where the large timber stood there will be farms, farm - houses, fences, and cattle, and these prosperous farming communities will feed towns, boom or otherwise, on the 300,000 acres.

We certainly have room in Pocahontas county for a farming population of 50,000 people. We have barely 7,000 now. After the timber is taken off the farmers will come, and to them we will have to look as the main promoters of this new county, and to them will be due the lasting prosperity of this section. Our true benefactor is the man who will make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

CENTRALIA.

Centralia is situated in Webster County, and at the present time it is considered one of the wildest and most romantic spots of that county. About the time Marlinton was spoken of, the booming of this town began. The Charleston Gazette says that this town has been heard of again:

Centralia has been heard from again. Everybody thought the place had gone entirely out of existence. About six years ago its streets ran up into the hundreds, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared on the corner of 146th street and 75th avenue. Great saw mills employing hundreds of men were built on paper and flourished in the imagination of those who purchased lots. Being, as its name would indicate, near the center of the State, the city was destined to become the hub around which all the rest of the State revolved. But when the surveyors finished laying off the streets and lots, all business ceased. One of the promoters left the State between two days, and many there were who mourned his departure. The saw mills never were erected, the residences never extended beyond 99th street, the river flows as silently and as smoothly by as ever, and its placid surface is still undisturbed by the splash of logs and the city's silence by the hum of machinery. The trains rush by this lonely spot on their way to the homes of men, and oblivion seemed to have settled down upon the city of Centralia. But at last it has been heard from. A boom may be built there. The Centralia Boom and Lumber Co. secured a charter to construct a boom in Elk River at that point. The Company has $4,800 capital, and Robert B. Smith, of Mt Pleasant, Pa. is the principal stockholder.

ALL farmers should make a note for future use of the valuable experiments for the treatment of warbles in cattle conducted by the Technical Instruction Committee of the Staffordshire County Council. Warbles are a fruitful source of mischief. The attentions of the fly are so dreaded that all cattle lose flesh in the summer season from this cause. The hides are seriously damaged in cattle of all ages, while cows give less milk and run considerable risk of abortion. The Staffordshire experiments have been more directed to cure than to prevention, altho cure is prevention to some extent, as every maggot killed is one less to take up the destructive work next season. By frequent dressings of train oil and other smears the fly may be prevented from alighting on the animals in hot weather, but that entails some trouble, and farmers are averse to unaccustomed trouble, and a simpler way is to tackle the warble when it appears. Nothing could be simpler than the methods which the experiments have shown to be effective. Dry salt, rubbed in two or three times, kills the maggot in a very few days It dries up and is expelled without causing any inflamation, such as sometimes results when the maggot is killed by other means. Two cows selected for experiment were dressed with salt on the 26th of May, and on the 29th most of the warbles were dead and—remarkable result in so short a time—the cows were more contented and giving more milk. The success of the experiment encouraged its extension to the whole herd, and by the first of July the pest was eradicated. By that time the condition of the two cows had "much improved." All that is necessary is to cut away the overlapping hairs so as to expose the opening of the warble, and rub in the salt. By attention to this duty the prevalence of the pest must appreciably diminish in the following year, and its extermination would only be a matter of time and application.—Carlisle (England) Journal.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

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